

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,  
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,  
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule  
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,  
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose  
VWill be some danger; which for to preuent,  
I haue in quick determination  
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute,  
Haply the seas, and countries different,  
With variable obiects, shall expell  
This something fetled matter in his hart,  
Whereon his braines still beating  
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.  
What thinke you on't?

*Pol.* It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his grieffe,  
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?  
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,  
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,  
But if you hold it fit, after the play,  
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him  
To show his grieffe, let her be round with him,  
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care  
Of all their conference, if she find him not,  
To *England* send him: or confine him where  
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

*King.* It shall be so,

Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trip-  
pingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,  
I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre  
too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very tor-  
rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must  
acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, o'tt  
offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe

## Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-  
lings, vvhoe for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplica-  
ble dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for  
ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

*Player.* I warrant your honour.

*Hamlet.* Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be  
your tutor, sure the action to the word, the word to the action, with  
this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of na-  
ture: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing,  
whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to holde as twere  
the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own  
Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preasure:  
Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskil-  
full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of  
which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of o-  
thers. O there be Players that I haue scene play, and heard others  
prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither ha-  
uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor  
man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Na-  
tures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imita-  
ted humanitie so abhominably.

*Player.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes  
speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that  
wil themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators  
to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of  
the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most  
pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How  
now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

*Enter Polonius, Guildenstjerne, & Rosencrans.*

*Pol.* And the Queene to, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten the.

*Ros.* I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

*Ham.* What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

*Hora.* Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

*Hor.* O my deere Lord.

*Ham.* Nay.